THE NURSERY. A MONTHLY MAGAZINE. FOR YOUNGEST READERS. VOLUME XVI

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JOHN L. SHOREY

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NURSERY

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FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XVI.

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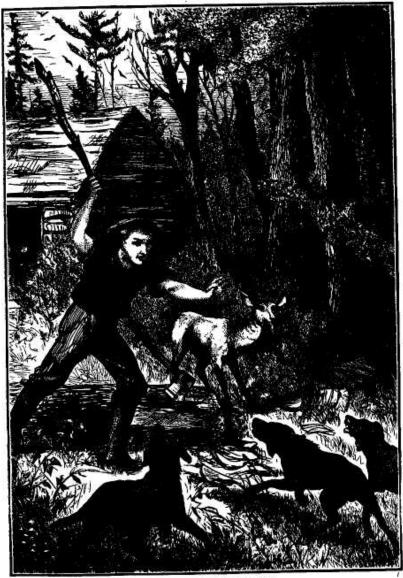
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THE FAWN CHASED BY DOGS.

THE FAWN CHASED BY DOGS.



FAWN is a young deer. I will tell you a true story of one. On a bright summer day last year, a fawn lay nibbling the tender grass on the border of a wood in Oregon. She lay there at ease, as if there were no cause for fear:

for the birds sang on the trees; and under the blue sky floated the clouds, with their white, shining folds turned out to catch the rays of the sun.

All at once the little fawn started to her feet, and pricked up her ears. What did she hear? Ah! It was something more than the sweet twitter of birds: it was the barking of dogs who had scented her track, and were in full pursuit.

Off started the little fawn: and it was well she ran swiftly; for soon three fierce dogs that had strayed from a farm near by rushed from the woods into the clearing, and by their fierce barking made her heart beat. From the clearing she ran into a grove where the trees grew high and thick; but the dogs followed close on her path, and she saw they were gaining on her fast.

Now, it happened that Silas Mason was at work squaring timber near his log-hut on the edge of the grove. As his raised axe descended into the timber, he heard the barking of dogs, and, looking up, saw a beautiful young fawn galloping towards him. The next moment the three dogs made their appearance.

Seizing a stout stick, Silas beat them off; and as soon as they were out of sight he turned, and saw the fawn standing by the timber, her dark eyes sparkling, and her neck outstretched as if to be sure that her enemies had gone.

By a strange instinct the fawn seemed to know at once that Silas was her friend, and that but for him she would have been torn in pieces. She let him come up to her, and pat her on the head, and then watched him curiously as he brought water to her in a pail. She took both water and food from his hands, and did not seem at all afraid.

See what kindness will do, even to an untamed animal. For the rest of the day the fawn staid near her protector, and seemed happy in his presence. But the next morning she had disappeared. Perhaps she went to seek her brothers and sisters in the woods.

Some one said to Silas, "Why didn't you shoot her for venison?"—"What!" cried Silas, "betray confidence—that of a poor dumb animal—of one who had run to me even for help from her enemies? No: I would sooner have gone without my dinner for a week than have harmed that little fawn after she had asked me, by her looks, to protect her. No good man will betray confidence."

UNCLE CHARLES.



FEEDING THE SWANS.